

# RESTORATION



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## Teaching Nuns Must Build Tomorrow's Home

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister; What is your attitude to sex? Are you tied up like Gulliver with the thousand fine strings of Jansenism? Puritanism? Protestantism? Do you look at sex with a jaundiced eye, and wish to God that it were not on earth at all?

Do you reluctantly, but humbly, submit to the plan of Almighty God, knowing He put sex here, and go about your business determined to act as if He had not?

Do you face the undeniable fact that it is here on earth with us, and a godly thing? (If it were taken away, convent and monastery, rectory and presbytery, would soon be empty.)

Blessed By God

Or do you look at sex as a Catholic and a good nun should? Namely, as the challenge to the most august, holy, and marvelous Sacrament of Matrimony, instituted by Christ Himself, and blessed beyond dreams by His and His mother's own presence?

I do not ask idly, but only because you deal with youth. And youth is interested in sex, as it should be, for youth is interested in matrimony, even as in all other vocations. And it falls partly upon you to present that glorious vocation to them in all its blinding, shining, holy light!

Are you ready for this?

You see, Sister, our world is poised on the brink of annihilation, in the shadow of a third world war with its pitiless weapons of destruction. And the only thing that yet can save us . . . is . . . ITS RESTORATION TO CHRIST . . . and that restoration begins at home.

Yes. It is the HOME, that must be first restored to Christ. For you know, and I know — we all know — that the home has wandered far away from Christ, and it is because of this that we behold the tragedy of modern youth, cast adrift on the sea of life, rudderless, and chartless.

The parents should be at the helm. Map in hand. Rudder-directing. But they are not.

The vicious circle MUST BE BROKEN SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, SOON, or all of us shall perish.

It's Up To You

And you are the one who will have to take a great hand in that breaking. For, by the grace of God, you have been entrusted with the woman of tomorrow, the girl who will be the spouse, the wife, the heart of a home tomorrow.

Into your virginal hands, and heart, the Lord has put the hard task of molding that wife, that mother.

Are you ready?

You know you must be. It is a heart-breaking task. It should not be yours completely. The mother and father should have laid the firm foundations for you to work on . . . but they did

not. So, for the sake of the whole world, you must bend and life yet another load on your overburdened shoulders. You must present the vocation of matrimony, in all its glory, to modern youth.

Are you ready?

Good!

Remember then, that marriage is, as all other vocations are, a vocation to love, that the reason men and women marry is primarily because God called them to save their souls in this way and no other, and that they will do this if they marry IN HIM, THROUGH HIM, FOR HIM.

So when you speak of matrimony, put Christ where He belongs in it. At its foundation, centre, and apex.

Don't Be Afraid

Don't be afraid. Don't act as if the child were going into a second best vocation. Don't take the attitude, that — oh well, IF you have no religious vocation, I guess it is better to marry than to burn! No. Don't do that. For then you will not break the vicious circle of modern marriages, Godless and soulless. You will add to them. And that would be a disaster for your immortal soul, and your pupils'.

Show them the glory of married love. Show them the joys of it. Teach them the graces of it. And don't forget to speak of its duties and responsibilities.

Don't be afraid to mention sex at High School levels. They need to know about sex. It is all around them, shorn of its dignity, bereft of its glory, stripped of its sanctity, covered with the thousand leprous wounds of modern vulgarity and smut.

Don't kid yourself, Sister. Youth that comes to you, is, alas, too wise in that sort of knowledge. But they never heard sex spoken of as holy. Tell them about that. Tell them before it is too late!

Tell them about having children. About being ready to have them in soul, mind, and body. Tell them of the miracle of childbirth. Of the immense grace of being co-creators, with God, of a human soul. You need not speak of the medical details. They are not important.

What God Demands!

Teach your girls to receive each child as the fruit of their vocation, the very reason for it. Show them the child as the path of their perfection in Christ, theirs

and their husband's, their road to the sanctity God demands of them.

But before you do that, teach them the virtue of complete trust in Divine Providence, of utter abandonment to His designs for them, of the practice, constant and unflagging, of melting their wills into His.

Do utterly away with any vestige of worldly success. Show them the holy simplicity of their marvelous vocation that is content with no other wealth than a house full of children, a house full of love, and that asks of God but the three necessities of life . . . Shelter, Clothing, Food.



Open before their young eyes, also, the utter foolishness of the Jones standard. They must NOT want to keep up with the Joneses after you are through with them.

It will matter little to them if they have not the money to send THEIR children to college, for you will have instructed them that manual labor, which was Christ's, is as dignified as any other, and that a good carpenter and a good cook are as acceptable to God as a Ph.D. and an M.A. — and often more so.

Talk to them about their bodies, made not to allure many men, but to love one. Speak of the body's holiness, its inherent fruitfulness, its capacity for joy and pain. It is, you know, the temple of the Holy Ghost. It should not be profaned.

Teach them to pay less attention to beauty rules and more to health rules. Give them a standard to measure men by — the standard of Christ.

Will you do your share in this, Sister? If you do, the home of tomorrow will be Christ's. Then wars and atom bombs will not matter.

You can do this. Because YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT LOVE. And so you will lead youth gently to the altar of human love, that is built in the Heart of Christ Himself.

You will be a good guide, for you are at home there, in that heart.

## A Layman Looks At The Priesthood

By Floyd Keeler

The high respect in which Catholics hold their priests is a source of great wonderment to the non-Catholic and it gives rise to the canard that we are "priest-ridden," whereas the real truth is that our priests are more nearly "laity-ridden," for we expect so much of them that foibles which would pass unnoticed in a fellow layman are magnified out of all proportion when applied to the priesthood.

It has been my privilege to be more than ordinarily closely associated with priests. In all my work I was connected with institutions where there were a number of priests and my position was usually such that I came into intimate contact with them. I saw them "off guard" so to speak and so know them, I think, better than most. Moreover I was for a long time a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and I was the kind of Episcopalian who had a sacerdotal outlook and who looked upon himself as a real priest. Hence, I have always found myself en rapport with priests of the Catholic Church.

Breviary, Or Else

There is no busier set of men on earth. Even those whose natural inclinations are sluggish are obliged by their office to a life that is fuller than most. The priest must spend a considerable time each day reciting the Breviary office. This MUST be gotten in somehow, regardless of what else he has to do. Practically all of them desire to say Mass daily and will go to almost any length to achieve that purpose.

If the priest has the care of souls he has the obligation to see that his people can fulfill their duties on Sundays and Holy days; and in almost every parish there are some devout souls who desire to attend Mass and receive holy Communion daily. He must provide for these. If he has accepted a stipend for a Mass he must discharge that obligation. Then, most priests do try to find time for meditation and for private prayer. And of course there is much reading and study which he needs to get done somehow.

Added to these personal things he is continually being called on for consultation, about not only spiritual things, but many others. Among his daily callers are often inquirers or prospective converts who need instruction. In a great many places there are the schools where he must be on hand for instruction. There are clubs, boy scout troops, recreation centers and other things of that character — all of which take time.

Priest's Day Is Long

A priest's day, like that of everyone else, is twenty-four hours long. If the priest is a member of a religious community, he has, in addition to all the above, the particular obligations of his order. He spends hours in the confessional listening to the trivia of devout souls or trying to get under the protective facade of those who preface their confessions with, "I ain't done nothin' much, Father," but whose scarlet sins need bringing out. He must, in a minute or two, try to give counsel and advice which would tax the wisdom of a Solomon. I have been on both sides of "the box," so I know about this!

Then, there are sick calls which have a most disconcerting way of coming in the middle of the night, and if there is a hospital in the parish, that necessitates almost daily calls.

There is no layman on earth who keeps such a schedule. The physician comes nearer to it than anyone else, but even he can get away occasionally. When he does, he can throw aside his cares; whereas the priest, on his rare vacations, still has many of the obligations of his office upon him.

Altogether it is remarkable that the priests are able to carry on as well as they do. And that there are very very few who do not live up to their calling, is all the more remarkable when we realize that in the United States there are over 40,000 of them. Where else will you find a group that size which lives up to an existing standard with anything like the fidelity they do?

No Deep End Dives?

Priests tend to be conservative and it is well this is so, for the way so many ministers of non-Catholic denominations "go off the deep end" by first seeing some need and then — because they are not, as a rule, too well grounded in a sound philosophy — go to radical extremes, is too evident. It is well that our priests are not likely to do this. Yet conservatism too, has its pitfalls. The idea that because a thing has been, it must always be — true enough regarding the Faith — is a dangerous assumption when it comes to things that should progress and even change.

May I point out a few such? The popes in recent years have issued many words concerning what is called "Catholic Action," which is defined as "the participation of the laity in the apostolate, under the direction of the hierarchy." The

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

A blade of green grass finally and triumphantly pierced the dark, heavy, wet earth.

The big mound of snow melted two more inches under the wide-spread pine tree.

Spring danced madly in the golden air of a sunny day.

Down the scented country road, the bell of the white little Church rang out a thousand alleluias . . . of an Easter morning . . . like a choir of children unexpectedly released from school.

There was joy in the world . . . FOR LOVE HAD RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Are we part of that joy? Do we remember how to be joyous? Or have we lost joy, along with so much else? Perhaps it is because we have lost simplicity.

The virtue needed above all others today is—SIMPLICITY — that holy, childish, joyous, simplicity that walks in humble strong faith, sees clearly, acts resolutely, and lives in love whose other name is CHARITY.

We have become too complex to live with ourselves, our neighbors, or even with God.

We have allowed our needs and our fears to conquer us. We have become dependent on gadgets and the power that runs them. WE HAVE ALLOWED SIMPLICITY TO GO OUT OF OUR LIVES, SOULS, AND HEARTS. A slightly bigger snowfall, a little less rainfall, an unexpected storm or two — these paralyze us and the city we live in.

We are less ready to meet the dangers of our day than were our ancestors.

We have lost our way. We have burrowed into an underground labyrinth from whence there seems to be no coming out, unless we find again the master plan of holy simplicity.

And thus with our spiritual lives.

We cannot pray. But we must follow methods of prayer, and weigh and measure their intensity, depth, and height. We would not be in the swim unless we discoursed learnedly on liturgy and rubrics. Breviary and Missal must not hold any mystery to us or we shall be behind the eight ball. St. Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, St. Augustine — these we must quote easily and at the drop of a hat.

AND SIMPLICITY WEEPS OUTSIDE US.

Thousands are the paths of Love. Millions are the ways to It. Yet they all meet at a hill, on which stands a cross . . . where Love died for love of us.

Knowledge is a godly thing. Without it, the Person Who should be loved, will not be loved.

But the learned do not always know how to love. And to love is the true end of real knowledge.

Let us take holy simplicity for a guide. Let us rest on her breast even as a child. Let her guide our steps, our lives, our prayers.

Like the blade of grass, let us pierce the dark wet earth of our fears, and lose fear . . . secure in simple faith. Like the snow melting under the spring sun, let our thousand imaginary needs melt away, leaving us free from all the gadgets we think we need and yet need not.

Like the Spring, let us dance in the golden days of our new-found freedom in God, and go about doing His will in our smallness and joyousness, loving the world and Him with a love that asks nothing but to love more.

Let us sing the Easter alleluias all year long . . . even as freed school children do. Running hand in hand with Holy Simplicity, up, up the little hill of the cross where Love died for us . . . to rise again on the third day.

Let us become small, simple . . . uncomplicated again, emerging thus from our labyrinthian ways . . . into God's sun of love . . . alleluia.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

It is good to be home again; to see the new shade of green coming onto the trees; to see the last of the snow disappearing; to be present when the first wild violets shoot up through the leaf-mold in the woods; to see the new ducks courting on the wide river; to watch the Spring arrive.

It is good to be back — which is a sly way of announcing that I have been away for a time.

My old friends, the Salesian Fathers in New Rochelle, have asked me to write a new biography of St. Don John Bosco; and have offered me a gold mine of new material. I went to New Rochelle to sign the contract.

It Protects Me

The Salesian priest in charge said it would be well to have a contract, though admitting neither of us needed it. It would be security for me, he insisted; so he had a lawyer draw up the papers. I stayed with my friends, the Von Steins, in Larchmont, my old home. I almost wrote my old home town. I lived in Larchmont nearly twenty years.

New York has changed "quite a lot." Where there were slums, along the East River, especially, there are now many skyscraper apartments rearing into the skies. To me that is "quite a lot."

I looked out at the city from the offices of my friend, Louis B. Davidson, on the 46th floor of a building at 40 Wall St., and for the first time I thought of Manhattan as the center of materialism. I also thought of it as an immense graveyard, with every building and spire and steeple and pinnacle in it just a tombstone.

I had expected to be thrilled, going back to the big town after so many years away from it. When was I there last? Was it 1943, or 1944? A long time, anyway. I was thrilled only at seeing old friends. The city itself meant nothing to me — it was the denial of everything I have here in such abundance.

My Book, "MARTIN"

I saw Fr. Norbert Georges, O.P., while I was in New York. He has bought all the rights from Sheed & Ward to publish my book, Martin, the biography of Blessed Martin de Porres. He is having two thousand bound in cloth for the first edition, and one thousand in paper covers. The books will sell at \$1.50 and \$2.50, in the United States. You can get either paper or cloth by writing to Fr. Georges, or the Blessed Martin Guild, at 141 E. 65th St., New York, N.Y.

Sheed & Ward could no longer sell "Martin," they wrote me. Father Georges believes he can sell the book indefinitely; and he plans on a number of editions.

Incidentally Sheed & Ward decided not to issue another of my books, "Splendor of Sorrow," any longer. Therefore the Servite Fathers, 3131 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, may be the new publishers. This book, which I wrote ten years ago, is about the seven sorrows of Our Lady. I guess, perhaps, that is one of the reasons it didn't sell so well. People are glad to read about Our Lady of Fatima, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Peace, Our Lady of Grace. But they haven't much time for Our Lady of Sorrows. They can't bear sorrow, apparently.

I tried to buy a statue of Our Lady of Sorrows on Barclay Street, in lower New York, the great "church-goods thoroughfare." Not one store had the statue. But I was able to procure it from J. P. Kenedy & Sons.

My Book, "FABIOLA"

Incidentally, while we are talking about New York, and books, especially my books, Kenedy expects to bring out my version of Fabiola next month.

And Sheed & Ward, to complete the story, are bringing out another edition of "Gall and Honey" this Spring.

BL. MARTIN DE PORRES



plants apple trees  
on a barren hill

There's irony for you. "Gall and Honey," my autobiography, the story of a heel who came back to the church — mostly because he couldn't get out of it — sells better than the story of Blessed Martin; or the story of Our Lady's seven sorrows!

I have been getting royalties on "Gall and Honey" for ten years. I don't know how many thousand books Sheed & Ward have sold. I don't know how many friends have written to say they tried to get it, and were told the book store had "sold out."

Now there's another edition out — or it will be out soon. But "Martin" and "Splendor of Sorrow," would be out of print, possibly for eternity, had not the Dominicans and the Servites come to the rescue!

I didn't stay long in New York. I didn't see a fraction of the number of people I wanted to see. There wasn't time. I was sorry I had to leave so soon — but only because it meant I had to sacrifice the pleasure of calling on so many people dear to me. I was not at all sorry to leave New York itself.

I could not understand that — not until I caught sight of the pines and the cedars of Combermere, the broken ice in the Madawaska and the deep ruts in the icy roads — not until I realized I was home.

## Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

(A chapter or two about a certain parish romance that budded during World War II would not be superfluous in this chronicle.)

One fine evening in the balmy month of April, Pat was about to open his gate, when Mike, a close neighbor, drove along in his old jalopy.

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## The B's Corner

April, the month of warm sunshine. Of melting snows. Of spring's first greeting. And, to us of Madonna House, the month of cleaning and preparing for the Summer School of Catholic Action that will be held from June 30th to August 13th of this year.

We are very happy to announce that this year we have A PRINTED PROSPECTUS to offer you. It will tell you all about the dates, subjects, fees, etc., and give directions as to how to reach us.

So, if you are interested in a Catholic vacation, during which you will pray, play, work, and learn together with others, do write to us for it now, because registration closes on June 1st. And acceptance will be strictly on priority of registration.

Twenty A Week

Bear in mind too, that we cannot accommodate more than twenty people per week. So please write early.

Once more I want to make quite clear what you can expect in accommodations, lectures, and meals. Since ours is a very rural area you will not find the usual "running water." Nor electricity. Toilets are of the outdoor type.

The young women are housed in St. Joseph's house, some half a mile from Madonna House and the Church which means that much of a walk daily for Mass. For the clergy we have a nice cottage, named after the first priest, St. Peter.

For the young men we will have a tent. There is a cottage for married folks, if any wish to come. Sisters are welcome if they can stay with laywomen at St. Joseph's.

The whole idea of the summer school is to give those who attend it a taste of real Catholic living. The day begins with Mass at 7.30. Breakfast is followed by Prime, the official morning prayer of the Church. This is followed by work, all kinds of work — office, cleaning, gardening, helping in the kitchen, baking bread, making preserves, etc.

Work Can Be Fun

The latter is fun. For we make preserves from wild berries. There are berrying parties, then berry-cleaning bees, then the actual preserving job.

From 10.30 'til 11.30 there are lectures. Then come such chores as setting the table, dinner, washing dishes. In the afternoon there is a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Half an hour. Back to another lecture from 3 to 4 o'clock. Tea at 4. A swim in the lovely Madawaska River that washes the shores of Madonna House. More work or reading.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we have a Seminar after supper and Compline, the official evening prayer of the Church. On Tuesdays there is a "sing-song." Saturdays, if we can manage, we celebrate with square dancing or picnics. The weeks go fast.

Priests give the lectures. I take the Seminars. Through the day, while you are listening to lectures, handicrafts of all kinds are given you. Each week is a course in itself. The six weeks can therefore be taken apart. One at a time. Or two, or more as you wish and your time permits. The fee is twenty dollars per week for food, room, and tuition.

Have you ever had a Catholic vacation? If not, why not try having one this year? Write for the prospectus. Soon.



# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

This column is usually a report of the works and activities of Madonna House, the first Canadian branch of Friendship House. Yet this time I am having difficulties to write it, for the whole month of February and most of March were spent in just one activity, that of facing and trying to conquer a "flu" epidemic that visited the Ottawa Valley like a thief in the night.

One day we were all going serenely about our business of being a rural settlement house, with Brother Routine bringing around the hours of prayer and work with his usual regularity. And the next day everything was topsy-turvy.

## Tough On Doctors

I started out early in the morning to make the rounds of the sick, take temperatures, give life-saving hypo's, and administer such other nursing care and medication as were ordered by the harassed and sleepless doctors who travel thousands of miles back and forth between villages, hamlets, and lonely farm houses, battling snow storms, icy roads, and weariness that often reaches the point of exhaustion.

Before the morning rounds were completed, there was new work assigned for the afternoon; and while tending the new patients I learned of others who would keep me working way into the late evening. A cup of coffee there, a cup of tea here, with a piece of toast, and off to the next house. "Simple flu" often changed into pneumonia, double or single, with or without pleurisy.

At the moment of writing there are 48 cases in our village, which means that almost every family is affected, and the end is not in sight.

Adjacent centers are being badly hit. One doctor had 200 patients cramming his office and could not get there to attend to them, as there were more desperate cases further on. Some doctors did not sleep during six nights and days in succession.

## Even Bones Get Tired

It is hard to write about it, hard to explain the weariness that enters every bone of one's body. Yet that does not seem to matter. The only thing that does matter is the thought of the sick. Who's to nurse the household of X, and mind the wee baby there? Who's to look after the lonely teacher who has pneumonia and no one to

stay with her at nights? How to be sure to get everywhere and see everyone? Will the life-saving medicine arrive with the next mail, or won't it?

The schools were closed. All public gatherings were suspended. And yet the disease marched on. The extra bed in Madonna House was occupied by at least one patient. Wish we had that hospital I have been dreaming of! How handy it would be now. But it isn't there, so — on with the trip.

The ring of the rural phone (ours is three long and two short rings) becomes an emergency call. Night and day, they come, these emergency calls, spelling pain, fear, worry, and sometimes tragedy.

Who can put all this into words to be printed? How is one to describe the feeling of tenseness, the realization of distances that separate us from the overworked doctors, the overcrowded hospitals, the busy drug stores? How to tell about the gladness that fills my heart and the gratitude that wells up in my soul for the gift of nursing knowledge that God has allowed me to gather along the way of life?

## A Book To Write

There is in all this the making of a book. A simple book. Perhaps it would not make headlines, or become a best seller. But it would tell the world that virtue is not extinct, that neighborliness is still alive, that men and women can reach great heights in little places, that there is a strange and deep understanding of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, and that an emergency like this brings out the best in people.

But it won't be I who will write that book. I am too close to it. All I can do is thank God for having been able to help; and for having been allowed to see the greatness of little people.

Yes, it all happened overnight. One day we were going about our business of being a rural settlement house. The next we were fighting for the lives of many people. We were fighting, not alone, but with many others, shoulder to shoulder, all together.

Suddenly no one of us was a stranger to the others. All were as one big family in the Lord.

Emergencies are like that in the distant outposts of the world. They bring all close together. None of us will ever be a stranger again.

## AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page Two)

"'Tis a fine evenin'," said Mike, "I see you're getting home early."

"I am that," answered Pat. "But I'm saving daylight to do it."

Pat took a long look at Mike's mud-covered car, then with a twinkle in his eye continued, "My but your car looks good since you had it stuccoed."

"Faith," replied Mike, "if you had the roads to drive on that I cover, you'd have more than your car stuccoed."

## Pat And Mike

"That may be," said Pat. "But I'm not the wild driver you are . . . But did you pick up any news on your travels?"

"News it it?" said Mike. "I have the most startling

bit of news, at all, at all. You may talk about your blitzkriegs, airborne invasions, and the devil knows what else, but this beats them all. Be the powers o' Moll Connor's cat, we're actually being surrounded, this blessed night."

"Holy Saint Dinnis!" exclaimed Pat in some consternation. "Will you come to the point long enough to tell me what is surrounding us?"

"It is that credit union movement again," said Mike. "You remember how we winked at each other, and with knowing nods, said that this was just another of those new-fangled fads that would soon die, when we first heard of credit unions?"

Here we are doing nothing about it, while they appear on every side of us. I tell you Pat, we'll have to shake a leg, or we'll be left out in the

cold . . . holding the fatted calf's tail, instead of his snout, when we awaken."

## Tom, Dick and Harry

Pat and Mike were like a good many others, who were aroused to action, at the eleventh hour. They had a faint vision of what was going on about them but they did not allow the truth clearly to penetrate the fog of self-interest with which they had encircled themselves. Simply to blink at something so time-tried and proven as credit unions, was surely the height of folly. When several millions of people on this Continent were able to amass several billion dollars, in share capital, and a greater amount distributed in loans for personal assistance, surely such a record was sufficiently striking.

If so many people in similar circumstances to those of Pat and Mike could find an answer to their problems, bring themselves a measure of security and peace of mind, and take unto themselves the power that keeps democracy alive, these two old-timers would be dense indeed if they did not get busy on the subject.

## Here's Chapter Two

The sun is setting now in a blaze of glory, and a hush falls on the valley. The murmur of intimate conversation comes from the two farmers, at the gate.

"I tell you, Pat, the Missus and I find the time long — there isn't any use trying to hide it. We are broken-hearted since our girl Nora went away to the city." Mike had a catch in his voice. "The cry with her was that she wanted to earn money with which to buy clothes."



"We always thought, and told her so, that she was well-dressed. But lately I have been thinking we were wrong. Times have changed since we were young. Styles are here today and gone tomorrow. Young girls nowadays want to look their best, when mopping the floor, or milking the cows. And I can't say that I blame them. We might have been more considerate and given Nora more money, with which to fuss herself. At least we could have removed her excuse for leaving."

"'Tis strange, sometimes, how a little thing can change the whole course of a person's life. I'm afraid now that our girl will never return to the land, or be a farmer's wife. She is swallowed up in the ways and doing of the big city."

## Why They Left

"It is hard, I know," replied Pat, "but you are no worse off than I am, with my oldest boy cavorting through foreign skies, in the Air Force! But is it blind you are, Mike? Or just playing dumb? It is as plain as the big nose on your face, why your daughter went away to

the city. She and my boy were in love."

"For a long time I thought he was contracting St. Vitus Dance, the itch, or something. He used to be in such a hurry to do up the chores in the evening so he could get away early."

"I waited up for him one night and cornered him as he came through the orchard. The May moon was shining. I'll always remember how startled he looked when I stepped out from behind an apple tree."

"He told me then of his love for Nora and his desire to marry her. I encouraged the boy and offered him my other farm to have as his own. The war started and the next thing I knew he had joined the Air Force."

"Your Nora went to the city to soothe the ache in her heart . . . to fill in the time . . . to wait . . . I hope she does not wait in vain."

## About

## Lay Apostles

The Lay Apostolate on the North American continent grows and multiplies. To an old pioneer the sight of this growth is joy untold. It floods the soul with an infinite gratitude to the Lord of Hosts, Who alone tended this tender shoot and nursed it through so many storms and allowed it to grow into a young tree that already gives its welcome shade to so many.

Memories come flooding back, of the days when Dorothy Day and I were alone, wrestling, like Jacob, with the world, the flesh, and the devil; coming to Peter Maurin for advice and consolation; but usually walking in the darkness of the dark night, guided by faith alone. Faith and the infinite mercy and grace of God.

## Heroic Youngsters

She and I, and a group of heroic youngsters that followed us in spite of every conceivable opposition from clergy and laity!

That seems so long ago. Many of the dreams we dreamed then are reality today . . . a glorious, shining reality at that. And the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action has become the most discussed thing today. It is almost "respectable" even though as yet it is not quite understood by all. But it won't be long before it is.

Yet there is pain too, even today, many years later, great pain, at beholding the struggles of so many works of the Apostolate. Take the Catholic daily — the SUN HERALD. A group of young people publishes it. They are all capable of the job, and are producing a wonderful job. There is a crying need for just such a paper. Their elders were afraid to plunge into the venture. It costs too much. It can't be done . . . they said . . . and left it alone.

Youth knew it would be hard . . . but they had FAITH, the faith that move mountains. They got together, and for three months they have brought forward a daily issue. To continue to do so, they need only 25,000 subscribers. Surely there are that many between the THIRTY MILLION CATHOLICS IN THE U.S.A., AND THE TWO MILLION CATHOLICS IN CANADA!

The subscription price is \$14 a year. The address is SUN HERALD, 702 East Twelfth Str., Kansas City, Mo. Want to try it for a month? Send in \$1.25. For

three months? \$3.65. For six months? \$7.25.

Don't get it because it is the work of a group of young zealous Lay Apostles. Get it because IT IS GOOD.

## Another Lay Group

But Kansas City boasts of more than a daily Catholic newspaper. It also houses another group of the ever-growing Lay Apostolate. They call their work — DESIGN FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING. And so they are. Listen:

" . . . We believe that the present inarticulateness of the laity is at the heart of the crisis of our times. Our selection of 'RELIGIOUS GOODS,' then, is made with the intention that their purchase will not only satisfy the DEMAND for having religious articles around the house, but will INDUCE their users to a more ACTIVE PARTICIPATION IN THE LIFE OF THE CHURCH."

And they are right. Get their catalogue for fifty cents, and see for yourself. For only then will you understand the "how" and "why" of it all. For all things should come together in us to render service to God. For the small sum of half a dollar you will be introduced to a whole new world, a world that is yours for the entering, that will enrich your spiritual life, and make YOU, grow in CHRIST.

Send your FIFTY CENTS to DESIGN FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING, BOX 5948, WESTPORT STATION, KANSAS CITY, MO.

## Dead Or Interested?

Are you interested in joining the rank of Lay Apostles? Or in really knowing what goes into the formation of one? Write to Gordon Blake of the Sacred Heart Seminary, 2701 Chicago Blv., Detroit, Michigan. He, with a group of friends, is compiling a BASIS BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR THE FORMATION OF A LAY APOSTLE. It will be ready soon. And long overdue at that.

Congratulations, Gordon, on a needed job well done.

Did you know about TODAY, the wonderful magazine of youth? It would shame an adult into becoming a real Catholic. It is published at 638 W. Deming Place, Chicago 14, Ill., and \$3 will bring you 12 copies, and make you think.

Are you a priest interested in awakening a half dead parish? THE LIVING PARISH will help you to achieve this miracle. Write to Pio Decimo Press, Box 53, Boden Station, St. Louis, Mo.

Are you a union man, or interested in labor? WORK is your paper, 21 W. Superior Str., Chicago, Ill., at \$1. per year.

The celebrated CATHOLIC WORKER, 223 Chrystie Str., New York 2, N.Y., is yours for only 25 cents a year.

INTEGRITY . . . that thought provoking periodical . . . that will make you ponder . . . make you angry . . . make you over . . . is located at 243 East 36th Str., New York, and costs only \$3. a year. It is worth ten times the price.

Yes there is pain, even today, many years later, great pain, in my heart at beholding the struggles of so many works of the Apostolate that should be showered with love, understanding, and help; for in their young hands they hold the answers to our problems, hold the light that can dispel our darkness.

CATHOLICS OF AMERICA AND CANADA . . . DO, PLEASE, HELP THOSE WHO ARE LAYING DOWN THEIR LIVES TO HELP YOU . . . TO SURVIVE.

—C. D.



## A LAYMAN LOOKS

(Continued from Page One)

hierarchy in this sense, is not composed exclusively of bishops as is too often thought, but includes those on the lower rungs — the priests, as well.

Hence, if the hierarchy doesn't give "directions" — how is the layman to do his "participating"? Time was when perhaps it was necessary for the priest to keep everything in his own hands. In earlier days, few members of his flock were capable of leadership, but nowadays there are plenty who are. Yet so many of our clergy insist on keeping to themselves, and trying vainly to do, things which really belong to the lay apostolate. We feel we need more real "direction" — that is be shown what to do, and then to be allowed to do it.

## Mass In Private

There is need too, in many places, for a chance of a wider participation in the great "opus Dei" — the liturgy. I feel safe in saying that in a majority of our parishes, the Mass is still said as though it were merely the priest's private devotion. "Clara voce" doesn't mean in a tone which only a keen-eared altar boy can hear! Nor do we enjoy Mass said with such rapidity that it conveys the impression that was recently expressed by a seminarian who wrote that it sounded as though the celebrant "begrudged the time it took him to say it."

I am well aware of the rapid schedules that must be maintained in many city parishes, but it doesn't need quite all that rush, and we do wish we could get a bit more in the way of sermons and instructions.

The long list of announcements of bingos and similar affairs, and the detailed account of just what intentions the whole staff will have for their Masses during the week, are not in my opinion, nearly so edifying as a bit of real doctrine. Why couldn't these announcements be printed or mimeographed and distributed in the pews? I understand that is done in some parishes and it seems a far better way than vocal announcements, which few remember anyway.

## It Could Well Be

I recently heard of a non-Catholic who inquired of three Catholics, all of whom had been to Mass on August 15, what the Assumption meant, and none of them knew! Could it be that they hadn't heard it explained in Church?

Most of our clergy are really anxious to push forward the Church's mission. Even in the most Catholic centers, there are many who know nothing of it; and in outlying regions, they are vastly in the minority. What is more, a large proportion of those outside the Church have nothing — and I mean that literally — to which they

can adhere. It is up to the priesthood to see that they get it.

As I have said, we have a body of clergy second to none — a set of men who do, on the whole, perform superhuman works, and our Catholic lay people calmly expect them to do so. Probably we need a bit of "jacking up" in order to get us to perform our part fully.

These reflections are submitted to our Reverend Fathers in no spirit of criticism, but in the hope that they may prove constructive in helping us to reach some day that ideal which Father Hecker long ago set forth, "to make America Catholic."



PASTOR-BONUS

## The Pope Agrees; We Are Right

For twenty years, Friendship House has felt that Study Clubs, or discussion groups, are one of the most important and vital techniques of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action.

They can be used everywhere. But especially the rural apostolate must make them its own. For it is one of the most natural ways of imparting supernatural information for country folks that could ever have been invented.

Just look at it. See a cold winter evening. A warm wood range, a boiling kettle for the tea to come. And in the big kitchen, by a roaring fire, a group of neighbors talking over . . . the Mass, Marriage, the ways of Catholic Action in the country. All this topped off with nice hot tea or coffee and homemade bread and fragrant jam, freshly baked cake and

cookies.

And now the Pope agrees with Friendship House. Isn't that real nice? Listen to this, direct from Vatican City.

"His Holiness Pope Pius XII recommended the formation of discussion clubs among the Catholic laity as a valuable aid to a pastor's work in his traditional annual audience granted pastors and Lenten preachers.

"Pointing out that even the zealous pastor cannot reach every person in his parish, the Pope referred to the program whereby the laity are organized into small groups and gather periodically in each other's homes for religious discussions and a friendly exchange of ideas. The number of conversions already achieved through this program is "surprising," the Holy Father stated. He encouraged pastors and preachers to foster such gatherings and provide the competent guidance needed for them.

"With all Our Hearts We praise this apostolic labor of the laity and exhort you to regard it favorably, encourage it, and above all allow it to develop freely, whether those groups remain within the limits of the parish or extend beyond, whether they are linked with organized Catholic Action or not," the Pope declared. "In any case, it is always the apostolate of the laity in itself, and of the finest kind."

About Ethel Waters—  
Her Autobiography

When I picked up the blue-jacketed "His Eye Is On The Sparrow," and saw the face of Ethel Waters, I felt good. I looked forward to a literary and a spiritual feast. I had seen Ethel once in a Broadway play, and I had liked her. I had heard of her charities. I had heard a lot of good about her.

So I hitched my wagon to her star and went for a ride. Alas! It was a low flying star. It dragged me through a lot of unnecessary mud puddles. It splattered me, needlessly, with filthy words — the usual dirty words that dirty little boys sometimes write on sidewalks and dirty little writers put into books. (The little boys are not proud of themselves; the little writers are.) And it left me puzzled.

I knew less about the woman when I finished the book than I did when I began it.

## The Ghost Writer

I don't blame Ethel for all this. I blame her ghost writer, Charles Samuels. He seemed to take a vicious delight in stripping Miss Waters of her virtue, her dignity, her greatness, her appeal to the general public. He showed us deformities of character we still do not believe are there!

We don't know whether Ethel is a cooing tigress, or a pouncing, tearing, clawing,

rending dove.

She tells us, through Mr. Samuels, that she is a Catholic, that she loves her religion, that she prays before every performance, that she wouldn't accept a role in a play that didn't have "God in it" even if it meant she would otherwise have to starve. She tells us also about various love affairs, and of various deeds of vengeance on lovers, and on "the other women." She tells us of how necessary it was to get God into her corner, then relates how she went out, deliberately, to beat up some little girl, or to get revenge on some dishonest producer, agent, or director.

## Who Instructed Her?

It does not appear, from a careful reading of the book, that Ethel knows much about the Catholic church. It does not appear that anybody instructed her in the Faith, that she made her First Communion, was ever married in the Church, or that she goes to Mass.

I have known Negro Catholics in New York who were, and are, tremendous saints. They are men and women who had much the same background as Ethel Waters, but none of the opportunities or the talents God has lavished on her.

I know a Catholic Negro woman in New York whose chief glory is that she is a Catholic Negro — and therefore doubly discriminated against.

"I bear a heavy cross," she says. "I bear the black cross. And how glad, how very glad, I am, that Christ gave me the privilege of carrying this cross!"

We are not at all thrilled — speaking for the majority of the readers of the book — that Ethel triumphed over all her handicaps and became the great actress she is. The story is too common on this continent to be very thrilling. Every poor boy, or girl, can become a success, in some line, if he, or she, wills to do so.

## She Can Be A Saint

We would be more than thrilled — speaking for the majority of Catholics — if we learned that Ethel, because of, or in spite of, all her grim childhood and adolescence, and all her other terrible handicaps, had become a saint!

I wonder if Ethel ever heard of Blessed Martin de Porres. His childhood was as pitiful as hers — but it bore a richer fruit. I think that if Ethel had heard of this most holy man, and had tried to imitate some of his virtues, she would have written a book that would never die.

Please, don't think that I am judging Ethel Waters. I am merely trying to judge the book she mothered. There must be a lot of good in Ethel that didn't get into that book. There must be a wealth of charity in the woman, a great depth of spirituality we know nothing about. There certainly is

something very wonderful about anyone — black, red, yellow, brown, or so-called white — who comes right out and says "I am a Catholic." Especially in this un-Catholic age.

I would like to be able to say of such a person; "She was a saint!"

It is so utterly silly to struggle and fight your way through insuperable difficulties all your life just to get to the top of some earthly profession. It is so utterly silly not to go all the way, to conquer yourself and go on to heaven.

God didn't put Ethel on earth just to be a great actress — as she appears to think. He put her here that she might become a saint. If she misses that end, she will have missed everything. —E.J.D.

Good Friday - Aftermath of  
The Pre-Sanctified

(We know this poem has lost its timeliness. We know, as the author admits, that it is somewhat obscure as to its meaning. He explains it was written in the Trappist monastery at Gethsemani some years ago—as if that explained anything. We know that the poem might be improved. We know, for instance, that such expressions as "Bread chains" will puzzle you. They puzzled us too. Maybe this has some Eucharistic significance. But we also know there is great beauty in the poem, a poignant and unearthly beauty. That's why we print it.)

The clock-wheels groan  
And Spring rolls over with a  
Lance-head in her heart.  
The Prisoner is gone; slipped  
His  
Bread chain and  
Left a shadow  
Staring at His naked stone.

The kneelers twist their  
Beaded chains in arid agony,  
And search their sleepless  
eyes

Across His door.  
Look down; look in,  
Nor even feel the shudder for  
that

March's smile turns lead and  
Cuts the flowers from your  
shrines.

Look down; look in. The  
Prisoner is running like a  
child  
And breaking all the locks  
From Eve to Anne.

The kneelers all reach out  
With censers in their hands,  
and

Kindle all their tears  
Beneath the smoking lamps  
To speed the Prisoner's re-  
turn  
And March's smile and  
Kisses for an empty tomb.

—Martin Moscato

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